

## The Exile's Devotion

By Thomas Darcy McGee.

I forswear the art divine  
That glorifies the dead,  
What comfort then can I call mine,  
What solace seek instead?  
For from my birth our country's fame  
Was life to me, and love;  
And for each loyal Irish name  
Some garland still I weave.

I'd rather be the bird that sings  
Above the martyr's grave,  
Than fold in fortune's cage my wings  
And feel my soul a slave;  
I'd rather turn one simple verse  
True to the Gaelic ear  
Than sapphire odes I might rehearse  
With senators listening near.

Oh, native land! dost ever mark,  
When the world's din is drowned  
Betwixt the daylight and the dark,  
A wandering solemn sound  
That on the western wind is borne  
Across thy dowie breast?  
It is the voice of those who mourn  
For thee, in the far west.

For them and theirs I oft essay  
Thy ancient art of song,  
And often sadly turn away,  
Deeming my rashness wrong;  
For well I woe, a loving will  
Is all the art I own.  
Ah me! could love suffice for skill,  
What triumphs I had known!

My native land! My native land!  
Live in my memory still!  
Break on my brain, ye surges grand!  
Stand up, mist-covered hill!  
Still on the mirror of the mind  
The scenes I love, I see;  
Would I could fly on the western wind,  
My native land, to thee!

## SHAMROCK OF SKETCHES

### Three Bits of Pathos in St. Patrick's Day Reflections

He neaped not the sprig of green that greeted the world with blithe defiance nor the blackthorn stick that he brandished so bravely to proclaim him as one of the race of "Kelly and Burke and Shea." There was about him the manner of the nation where every man is a chieftain if he isn't a king.

The Italian with the hand-organ stopped at the corner across from the one where the old man waited for the car. In deference to the day he started his performance with the thrilling rendition of "My Irish Molly, O." The



green of a Kerry village and the glow of the light of love, and down her cheeks ran the tears of homesickness and longing and memory of the days that have gone.

There under the Irish stars the big Irishman told the little Irish girl of the love that his heart held for her. And when long afterward, after a thousand years of joy that an hour may hold, he had said a last good night, she had drawn down his head to the level of her lips and blessed it with her softly spoken "Ceán dhúv dheelish." Then as she stood watching him go down to the village, she heard somewhere afar off a piper playing the tune of the Kerry dancing.

But there was no music in the pipes and none in the heart on the night when John went away, away with the English soldiery where he had enlisted. There were sad promises of return and dark forebodings, but there was hope. The war would soon be over; the Boers would not fight long; "although it's meself that's prayin' they'll win from ye," said Mollie to John.

"When I come back, I'll punish ye for that same," said John. But he never came back to Kerry. The little girl in the corner of the hall saw the village gay again on this Patrick's night as it had been on the other; for lads and lassies come soon from the shadows. But with the vision of love she saw clearer than her old home a spot that she knew only in fancy—a lonely grave on a Transvaal kopje, where sleeps an Irish lad who died fighting for England.

"Don't you know a rare, true Irish chune?" he demanded; "one that will warm the cockles of me heart?" The organ-grinder nodded. "Sure," he smiled. And, first with a wheeze and then with an operatic run, he started the tune that brought the hat from the head of the old man.

"Play it again," he commanded when the air was done. And again and still again did the Italian play it while the old man stood uncovered.

"I always take off me hat to 'The Wearin' o' the Green,'" he said. "Old man Gilligan gave me a bit o' real shamrock this mornin' that his daughter had sent him from Tipperary." The old man took out a waiver and caressingly touched the bit of green that was folded within. "Play it again," he ordered when the grinder stopped. And in the last chime his quavering old voice rang out with all the loyalty and the devotion of the centuries of the fighting race.

"But till that day, praise God, I'll stick to the wearin' o' the green!"



Little Mollie McShane sat alone in the corner of the hall. There was many a lad by the door who cast sheepish glances at Mollie. It was for no lack of invitation that she was not tripping the floor at the St. Patrick's night dance.

For the orchestra was playing an old, old tune and the dancers were humming the refrain. "Oh, for the days of the Kerry dancing," and the little girl in the corner saw again the

## JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders," etc.

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### CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"How could he," demanded Joan, the soldier's daughter, sharply, "be thus on duty?"

"Well," answered Margaret, still resentful and unconsoled, "he would not have done that before we were married! And it is only the first day we have been together, too, since—"

And she buried her head in her kerchief.

Then came a knocking at the door. "Enter!" cried Joan imperiously, yet not a little glad of the interruption.

Werner von Orseln stood in the portal. "My lady," he said, "will you bid the Count von Loen leave his work and take some rest and sustenance. He thinks of nothing but his drill."

"Oh, yes, he does," cried the Princess Margaret; "how dare you say it, fellow? He thinks of me! Why, even now—"

She looked once more out of the window, a smile upon her face. Instantly she drew in her head again and sprang to her feet.

"Oh, he is gone! I cannot see him anywhere!" she cried, "and I never so much as heard them go! Joan, I am going to find him. He should not have gone away without bidding me goodbye! It was cruel!"

She flashed out of the room, and without waiting for tiring maid or coquette, she ran downstairs, dressed as she was in her light summer attire.

Joan stood a moment silent, looking after her with eyes in which flashed a tender light. Werner von Orseln smiled broadly—the dry smile of an ancient war captain who puts no bounds to the vagaries of women. It was an experienced smile.

"This will for Kernsburg, my lady," said Werner grimly, "that you are not the Princess Margaret."

"And why?" said Joan a little haughtily. For she did not like Conrad's sister to be treated lightly even by her chief captain.

"Ah, love, love!" said Werner, nodding his head sentimentally. "It is well that I ever trained you up to care for none of these things. Teach a maid to fence, and her honor needs no champion. Give her sword-cunning and you keep her from making a fool of herself about the first man who crosses her path. Strengthen her wrist, teach her to lunge and parry, and you strengthen her head. But you do credit to your instructor. You have never troubled about the follies of love. Therefore are ye Joan of the Sword Hand!"

Joan sighed another sigh, very softly this time, and her eyes, being turned away from Von Orseln, were soft and indefinitely hazy.

"Yes," she answered, "I am Joan of the Sword Hand, and I never think of these things!"

Von Orseln saluted, with a face expressionless as a stone. He marched to the door, turned a third time and saluted and with heavy footsteps descended the stairs.

At the outer door Prince Conrad was dismounting. The two men saluted each other.

"Is the Duchess Joan within?" said Conrad, concealing his eagerness under the hauteur natural to a prince.

"I have just left her!" answered the chief captain.

Without a word Conrad sprang up the steps three at a time. Werner turned about and watched the young man's firm, lithe figure till it had disappeared.

"Faith of Saint Anthony!" he murmured, "I am right glad our lady cares not for love. If she did, and if you had not been a priest—well, there might have been trouble."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### The Broken Bond.

Above, in the dusky light of the upper hall, Conrad and Joan stood holding each other's hands. It was the



"Death alone shall turn me back this time."

First time they had been alone together since the day on which they had walked along the sand dunes of Rugen.

Since then they seemed to have grown inexplicably close together. To Joan, Conrad now seemed much more her own—the man who loved her, whom she loved—than he had been on the island. To watch day by day his passing in martial attire brought back the knight of the tournament whose white plume she had seen storm through the lists when, a slim secretary, she had stood with beating heart and shining eyes behind the

chair of Leopold von Deesauer, Ambassador of Plessenburg.

For almost five minutes they stood thus without speech; then Joan drew away her hands.

"You forget," she said smiling, "that was forbidden in the bond."

"My lady," he said, "was not the bond for Isle Rugen alone? Here we are comrades in the strife. We shall save our fatherland. I have laid aside my priesthood. If I live, I shall appeal to the Holy Father to loose me wholly from my vows."

Smilingly she put his eager argument by.

"It was of another vow I spoke! I am not the Holy Father, and for this I will not give you absolution. We are comrades. It is true—that and no more! To-morrow I ride to Kernsburg, where I will muster every man, call down the shepherds from the hills, and be back with you by the Alla before the Muscovite can attack you. I, Joan of the Sword Hand, promise it!"

She stamped her foot, half in earnest and half in mockery of the serious name by which she was known.

"I would rather you were Joan of the Grange at Isle Rugen, and I your jerked servant, cleaving the wood that you might bake the bread."

"Conrad," said Joan, shaking her head wistfully, "such thoughts are not wise for you and me to harbor. We must stand to our dignities now when the enemy threatens and the people need us. Afterwards, as it like us, we may step down together."

"Joan," said Conrad, very gravely, "do not fear for me. I have turned once from a career I never chose. Death alone shall turn me back this time."

"I knew it," she answered; "I never doubted it. But what shall we do with this poor lovesick bride of ours?"

And she told him of her interview that morning with his sister. Conrad laughed gently, yet with sympathy.

"Leave me Von Orseln, and do you take the young man," said Conrad; "then Margaret will go with you willingly and gladly."

"But she will want to return—that is, if Maurice comes, too."

"Isle Rugen?" suggested Conrad.

"Send your ten men who know the road. If they could carry off Joan of the Sword Hand, they should have no difficulty with little Margaret of Courtland."

Joan clasped her hands with pleasure. All unconscious that Maurice was there, she and her Margaret had been so long and now stood arrested by the sound of her own name.

"Oh, they will have no trouble, will they not?" she said in her own heart, and smiled. "Isle Rugen? Thank you, my very dear brother and sister. You would get rid of me, separate me from Maurice while he is fighting for your precious precedents. What is a country in comparison with a husband? I would not care a doit which country I belonged to, so long as I had Maurice with me!"

A moment or two Conrad and Joan discussed the details of the capture, while more softly than before Margaret retired to the door. She would have slipped out altogether, but that something happened just then which froze her to the spot.

A trumpet blew without—once, twice and thrice. In short and stirring blasts. Hardly had the echoes died away when she heard her brother say, "Adieu, best beloved! It is the signal which tells me that Prince Ivan is within a day's march of Courtland. I bid you goodbye, and if—if we should never meet again, do not forget that I loved you—loved you as none else could love!"

He held out his hand. Joan stood rooted to the spot, her lips moving, but no words coming forth. Then Margaret heard a hoarse cry break from her who had contemplated love.

"I cannot let you go thus!" she cried.

"I cannot keep the vow! It is too hard for me! Conrad! I am but a weak woman after all!"

And in a moment the Princess Margaret saw Joan the cold, Joan of the Sword Hand, Joan Duchess of Kernsburg and Hohenstein in the arms of her brother.

Whereupon, not being of set purpose an eavesdropper, Margaret went out and shut the door softly. The lovers had neither heard her come nor go. And the wife of Maurice von Lynar was smiling very sweetly as she went, but in her eyes lurked mischief.

Conrad descended the stair from the apartments of the Duchess Joan, divided between the certainty that his lips had tasted the unutterable joy and the fear lest his soul had sinned the unpardonable sin.

A moment Joan steadied herself by the window, with her hand to her breast as if to still the flying pulses of her heart. She took a step forward that she might look once more upon him ere he went. But, changing her purpose in the very act, she turned about and found herself face to face with the Princess Margaret, who was smiling subtly.

"You have granted my request?" she said softly.

Joan commanded herself with difficulty.

"What request?" she asked, for she had forgotten.

"That Maurice and I should first go with you to Kernsburg and afterwards to Plessenburg."

"I cannot go," Joan murmured, thinking aloud. "I cannot ride to Kernsburg and leave him in the front of danger!"

"A man must not be hampered by affection in the hour of danger!"

"Do you know," said Joan, "that Prince Ivan and his Muscovites are within a day's march of Courtland, and that Prince Conrad has already gone forth to meet them?"

"What?" cried Margaret, "within a day's march of the city? I must go and find my husband."

"Wait!" said Joan. "I see my way. Your husband shall come hither."

She went to the door and clapped her hands. "Send hither instantly Werner von Orseln, Alt Pikker and the Count von Loen."

She waited with the latch of the door in her hand till she heard their footsteps upon the stair. They entered together and saluted.

"Gentlemen," said Joan, "the enemy is at the gate of the city. We shall need every man. Who will ride to Kernsburg and bring back succor?"

"Your highness," said Werner von Orseln, respectfully, "if the enemy be so near, and a battle imminent, the man is no soldier who would willingly be absent. But we are your servants. Choose you one to go; or, if it seem good to you, more than one. Bid us go, and on our heads it shall be to escort you safely to Kernsburg and bring back reinforcements."

The Princess came closer to Joan and slipped a hand into hers.

"Von Lynar shall go!" said Joan. Whereat Maurice held down his



"A man must not be hampered by affection in the hour of danger!"

head, Margaret clapped her hands, and the other two stood stolidly awaiting instructions, as became their position.

"At what hour shall I depart, my lady?" said Maurice.

"Now! So soon as you can get the horses ready!"

"But your Grace must have time to make her preparations!"

"I am not going to Kernsburg. I stay here!" said Joan, stating a fact.

Werner von Orseln was just going out of the door, confiding to Alt Pikker that as soon as he saw the Princess put her hand in their lady's he knew they were safe. At the sound of Joan's words he was startled into crying out loudly, "What?"

At the same time he faced about with the frown on his face which he wore when he corrected an irregularity in the ranks.

(To be continued.)

### NEW CURE FOR SNAKE'S BITE.

Follows Plan of "Hair of the Dog That Bit You."

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you." It is an old saw that, as a suggested remedy, has led many a man out of the frying pan into the fire, and it cannot certainly be recommended as a cure suitable for modern times, when an antidote is more recommendable.

Dogs are not, however, the only animals whose bite is to be feared; and those people whose travels have led them to far lands know that poisonous snakes are much more to be dreaded.

Though by far the greater proportion of those persons thus bitten die, there is a certain number who recover, thanks to prompt measures, and thanks also to the administration of the exact remedy which any particular snake bite requires.

It has lately been reported that, on the principle of the old advice mentioned above—which thus serves a turn—an almost certain cure for snake bite is the injection of a small portion of the bile of the reptile which has attacked any one, and which—the snake being generally killed on the spot—is naturally at hand.

The gall bladder is extracted, its contents filtered, and the fluid injected under the skin. The method sounds somewhat complicated; but no snake-bitten man will complain if by this means he escapes a rapid death.

The experiments made have given the best results, those recovering from the poisonous bite of a South American snake coming off with nothing worse than an abscess at the point of penetration of the serpent's tooth.—Chambers' Journal.

### What Caused the Noise.

A lady, having occasion to consult a friend, called at her home, but was unable at first to obtain admittance. Hideous sounds suggesting the cowering of all the cats, accompanied by what appeared to be the tramping of an elephant upon the keyboard of a piano, issued from the house.

The matter being imperative, and wishing at least to leave a message, our friend redoubled her efforts at the bell in the hope of ringing hard enough to stop the clamor within.

Succeeding at last in her endeavor, the din ceased abruptly and the door was opened by a trim German maid. The family, it appeared, was out, and the maid said:

"Ven de cat's avay den plays de mouse der piano."

### UTAH'S LAWMAKERS.

The osteopath bill has passed the house by a vote of 24 to 13, seven members absent.

The first forenoon session of the house during the present assembly was held on the 7th.

The various committees of the house are losing no time in pressing their work as the closing days grow fewer.

The senate has passed a bill appropriating \$7,000 to be expended in building bridges over the Rio Virgin river in Washington county.

Ellwood Orth, of Ogden, engraving clerk of the house, is regarded as one of the most skillful artists with a steel pen in the whole west.

The members of the Utah legislature were the special guests of the state university on the 5th. About 40 of the scholars composed the party.

Senate joint memorial No. 2, urging congress to pass legislation favorable to the teaching of the art of agriculture in common and normal schools, was adopted by the house.

S. B. 181, fixes the annual salaries of state officers as follows: Governor, \$1,000; state treasurer, \$1,500; state auditor, \$2,000; attorney general, \$2,000; state superintendent of public instruction, \$2,400.

There was no session of the house on the 5th, owing to the fact that the greater number of the members had taken a trip to Logan and failed to get back to the capital city in time for the day's work.

H. B. No. 36, providing for the election of state superintendent of public instruction; presenting his qualifications, and providing for the appointment and compensation of a deputy, has passed the senate.

House bill No. 92, by Richards, fixing the per cent of bonded indebtedness in school districts, increasing the rate from 2 to 4 per cent, failed by a vote of 16 yeas to 17 nays. Motion for reconsideration was announced.

There was a reception in honor of the Democratic members of the legislature on the evening of the 6th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Moyle, Salt Lake, the affair being given under the auspices of the Woman's Democratic club.

Senate bill No. 19, by Rashand, providing that mining companies shall have in readiness stretchers and "first aid to the injured" to be used in case of emergency, was passed by the house. The measure applies to mines employing ten men or more.

Robinson's house bill No. 71, which passed the house Friday, makes it unlawful to make or have in one's possession tools of a burlesque character, or deadly weapons, if the intention be to use such implements to break into any house. The offense is made a misdemeanor.

House bill No. 70 provides that where an entire county is constituted into one school district it shall be a county school district of the first class. Heretofore in order that a county might be a district of this class it was necessary that it should have 3,000 children of school age.

Mark's house bill which failed on Thursday was passed by the house on Friday. The measure is designed to increase the revenue for school purposes in Salt Lake City and fixes the rate of tax levy. As passed by the house its provisions include a clause to provide more money for teachers' salaries.

The senate has approved of the claim of P. T. Farnsworth, Jr., for \$2,125 for services performed as an assistant attorney general from August 1, 1905, to December 31, 1906. It appears that the legislature two years ago made no appropriation for the pay of the assistant in that office, and hence the claim.

In order to establish a uniform system of weights and measures, the judiciary committee of the house has introduced H. B. No. 298. This bill fixes the number of pounds that shall be contained in a bushel and otherwise defines means of measuring commodities. Avoidance of pounds shall bear to Troy pounds the relation of 7,600 to 5,760.

The principal argument made by Mr. Park in the college consolidation debate, was that the Agricultural college is merely a high school for the people of Cache county and maintained at state expense. He showed by statistics that there only nine agricultural students at Logan and that the seventy-one in the college department are being educated at an expense of \$85,000 a year.

By a vote of 12 to 6 the state senate passed the Park bill consolidating the University of Utah and the Agricultural college at Logan. The vote was: For consolidation—Senators Brinkerhoff, Callister, Clegg, Gardner, Hollingsworth, Lawrence, Miller, Park, Rashand, Bennet, X. Smith, Williams and President Love—12. Against consolidation: Senators Bullen, Holsenick, Johnson, Seely, John Y. Smith and Walton—6.

Benson sheep bill has passed the house, with an amendment fixing 15 days for time for a band of sheep to pass through a county. The present law is 20 days. Unless they do this the flockmasters will have to pay taxes on the band in the county where found.

By the terms of a bill introduced by Senator Bullen, the courses at the Agricultural college at Logan shall be free to all residents of the state. For outsiders the trustees may fix a suitable tuition charge, and an entrance or registration fee of \$50 is to be exacted.

Important action was taken in the house on the 6th, when the speaker appointed a sifting committee, whose mission it will be to sift the good from the chaff in the way of bills and put the good to the front. This committee is composed of Messrs. Kuehler, Robinson and Hott.

S. B. No. 160, by Judiciary committee, to prohibit corporations from making contracts of champerty and maintenance, or engaging in the business of soliciting and maintaining litigation in the courts of this state, and providing a penalty for the violation thereof, has passed the senate.